

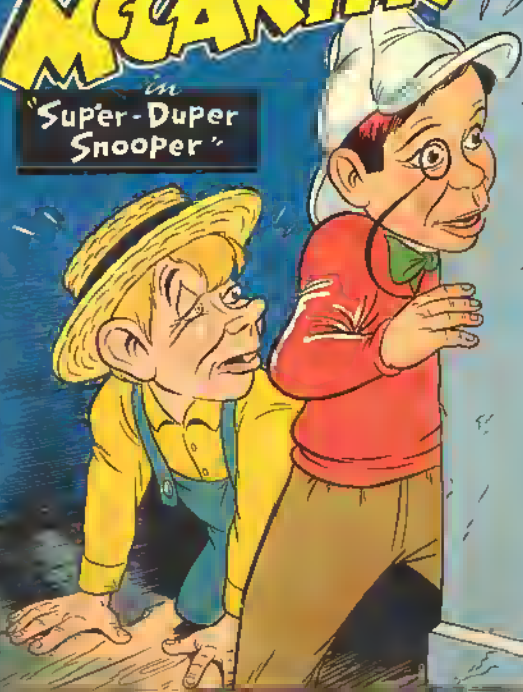
WELL,

AND FURTHER

10¢

Charlie McGARTHY

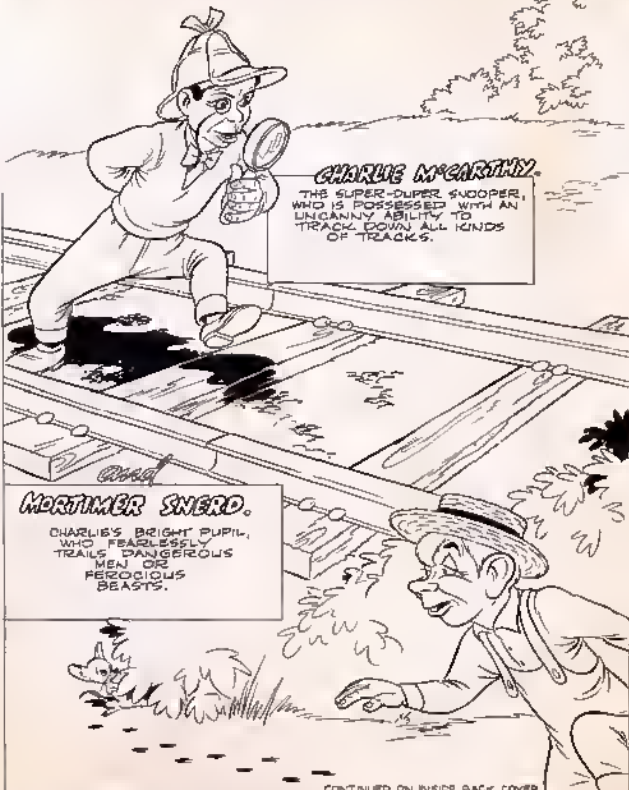
in
"Super-Duper
Snooper"





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

CAST of CHARACTERS



CHARLIE MCCARTHY.

THE SUPER-DUPER SNOOPER,
WHO IS POSSESSED WITH AN
UNCANNY ABILITY TO
TRACK DOWN ALL KINDS
OF TRACKS.

MORTIMER SNERD.

CHARLIE'S BRIGHT PUPIL,
WHO FEARLESSLY
TRAILS DANGEROUS
MEN OR
FEROCIOUS
BEASTS.

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER

Charlie McCarthy

"Super-Duper
Snooper"

THERE'S NO
DOUBT ABOUT IT!
THE OPEN EYE
DETECTIVE SCHOOL
SURE NEEDS
PUPILS!

TODAY'S
SPECIAL
LARGE BOX
ASSORTED
CLUES
10¢

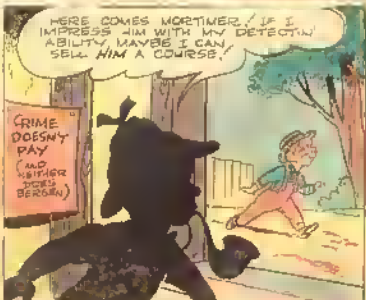


AT LEAST, BLOWIN' SOAP
BUBBLES SORTA RELIEVES
THE MONOTONY!

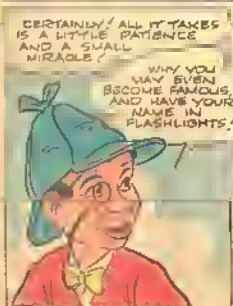


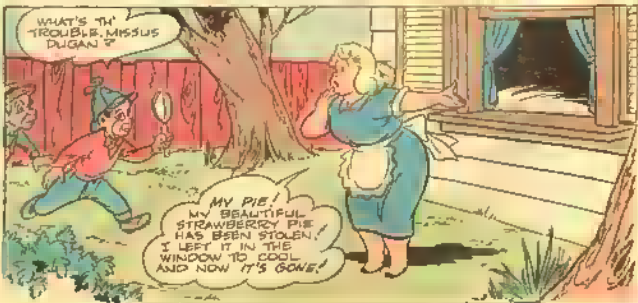
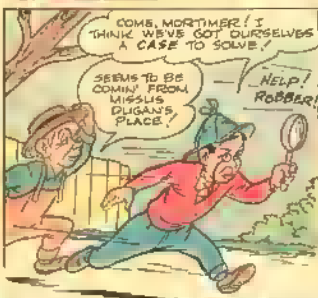
HERE COMES MORTIMER! IF I
IMPRESS HIM WITH MY DETECTIV'
ABILITY, MAYBE I CAN
SELL HIM A COURSE!

CRIME
DOESN'T
PAY
(AND
NEITHER
DOES
BERGEN)



The next issue of CHARLIE MCCARTHY will be on sale July 17, 1949







HEAR THAT, MORTIMER? NOW'S
OUR CHANCE TO BE BIG TIME
SLEUTHS! ALL WE GOTTA DO
IS CATCH THOSE
TWO CROOKS!

I CAUGHT
A GOPHER
ONCE...

IF ONLY WE KNEW
WHAT THOSE MUSS
LOOKED LIKE, IT MIGHT
HELP!

YUP! OR
IF WE KNEW
HOW THEY WUZ
DRESSED!

WET
PAINT

SINCE THEY JUST BUSTED
OUTA JAIL, THEY'RE
PROBABLY STILL
WEARING THEIR
STRIPED
SUITS!

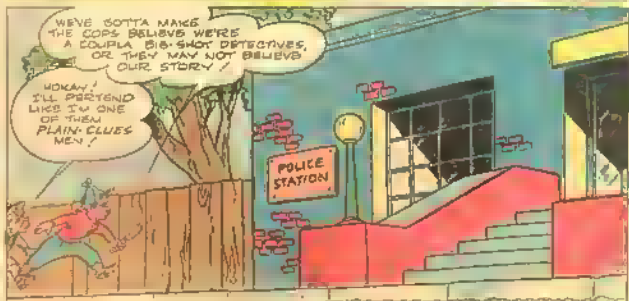
HOPPIN'
HOPTOADS!
LOOK, CHARLIE!

NO DOUBT ABOUT
IT, MORTIMER! HE'S
ONE OF TH' CROOKS
ALL RIGHT!

GAWRSH!

WE'LL SHADOW HIM
AND FIND OUT
WHERE HE'S
HIDING!

YUP!







ALL RIGHT, BOYS...THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH / WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?

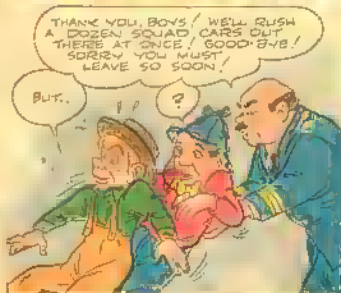
WE KNOW WHERE JARFACE AN' SCAR PLUSS ARE HIDING OUT!



WE TRAILED ONE OF EM TO A HOUSE AT 133 NORTH ELN STREET!

REALLY?

YUP! WE KNOWNED HE WUZ A CROOK CAUSE HE WUZ STILL WEARIN HIS STRIPED JAIL SUIT!



THANK YOU, BOYS! WE'LL RUSH A DOZEN SQUAD CARS OUT THERE AT ONCE! GOOD-BYE! SORRY YOU MUST LEAVE SO SOON!

BUT..

?



SLAM

CHIEF OF POLICE

HA!
HA!
HA!



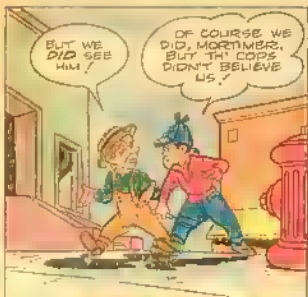
HO, HO! IMAGINE THOSE KIDS EXPECTING ME TO BELIEVE A FANTASTIC STORY LIKE THAT!

YEAH CHIEF! WHAT A LAUGH!



HA, HA! AS IF JARFACE WOULD BE SO STUPID AS TO WALK CALMLY DOWN THE STREET WEARING HIS PRISON GARB... WHERE EVERYONE COULD SEE HIM!

C'MON, MORTIMER



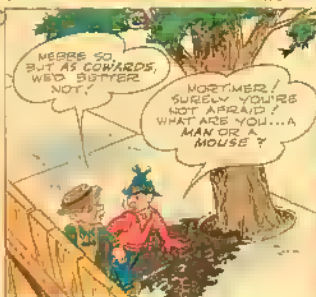
BUT WE
DID SEE
HIM!

OF COURSE WE
DID, MORTIMER,
BUT TH' COPS
DIDN'T BELIEVE
US.



GAHRSH!
WHUT'LL WE
DO NOW?

AS DETECTIVES,
WE MUST GO TO
THAT HOUSE OURSELVES
AND ARREST THOSE
THUGS.

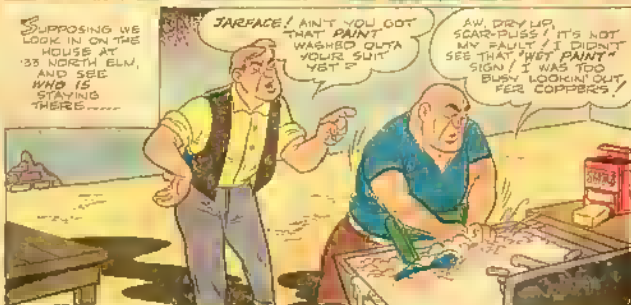


MEBBE SO,
BUT AS COWARDS,
WED BETTER
NOT.

MORTIMER!
SURELY YOU'RE
NOT AFRAID!
WHAT ARE YOU...A
MAN OR A
MOUSE?



Y'MEAN...I GOT
A CHOICE?!



JARFACE! AIN'T YOU GOT
THAT PAINT
WASHED OUTA
YOUR SUIT
YET?

AW, DRY UP,
SCAR-PUSS! IT'S NOT
MY FAULT! I DIDN'T
SEE THAT "WET PAINT"
SIGN! I WAS TOO
BUSY LOOKIN' OUT
FER COPPERS!

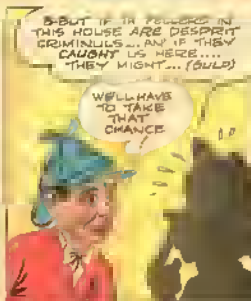
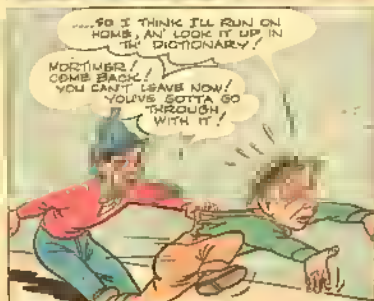
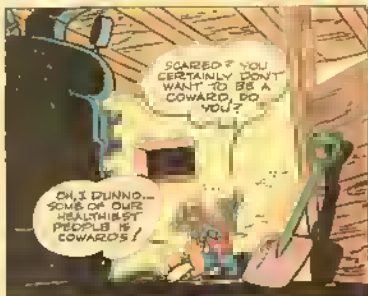
SUPPOSING WE
LOOK IN ON THE
HOUSE AT
'33 NORTH ELM,
AND SEE
WHO IS
STAYING
THERE

THAT
NIGHT...

THE LIGHTS
JUST WENT OUT!
THEY'LL SOON BE
ASLEEP, THEN WE CAN
SNEAK IN AND HAVE
A LOOK AROUND!

I'D
PREFER
JUST LOOK
AROUND
OUT HERE!





WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
MORTIMER / SOMETHING TELLS
ME THEY'RE CROOKS ALL
RIGHT / LOOK WHAT'S
HANGING ON THEIR
WALL!

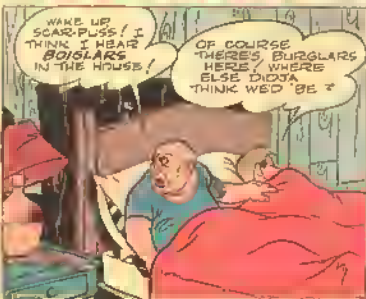


ONLY
215 MORE
SHOPLIFTING
DAYS UNTIL
XMAS



WAKE UP
SCARPUS! I
THINK I HEAR
BOIGLARS
IN THE HOUSE!

OF COURSE
THERE'S BURGLARS
HERE, WHERE
ELSE DIDJA
THINK WED 'BE?



I DON'T MEAN
US / I THINK
THERE'S OTHER
BOIGLARS
IN THIS
HOUSE!

SAY-Y!
YOU'RE
RIGHT / I
HEAR
VOICES, TOO!



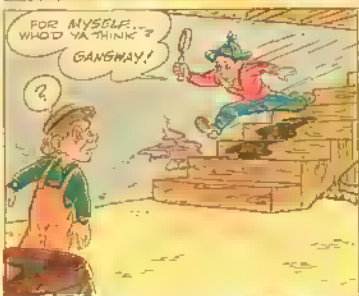
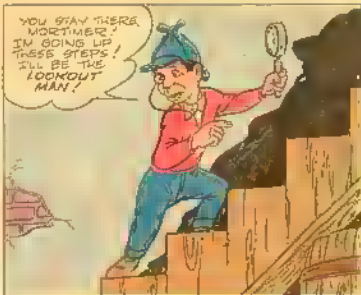
AND THEY'RE
COMIN' FROM THE
CELLAR!



HERE'S AN EMPTY
CLOSET / WANT
ME TO GO
IN THERE?

IF YOU
DID, IT'D
STILL
BE EMPTY!





BOIGLARS I DONT
MIND, BUT IF I FIND
COPS... OR DETECTIVES...
ILL FINISH 'EM OFF
PRONTO!



HMM, CHARLIE! SOUNDS LIKE
THESE FOLKS IS RUNNIN' ONE
O' THEM FINISHIN' SCHOOLS!

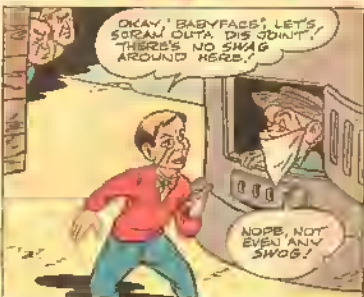
SHH!



WE'RE IN AN AWFUL SPOT,
MORTIMER, BUT I THINK
I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET
OUTA THIS MESS! HERE'S
WHAT WE'LL DO...
PST. PST...



OKAY 'BABYFACE', LET'S
SORAW OUTA DIS JOINT!
THERE'S NO SWAG
AROUND HERE!



NOPE, NOT
EVEN ANY
SWAG!

WE NEVER SHOULDA BURGLED
A DUMP LIKE DIS
IN TH' FIRST
PLACE!

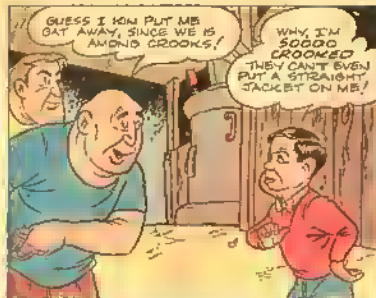
NOPE! TAIN'T NO PLACE
FER A COUPLA HIGH-TONEY
BURGLARS LIKE US!

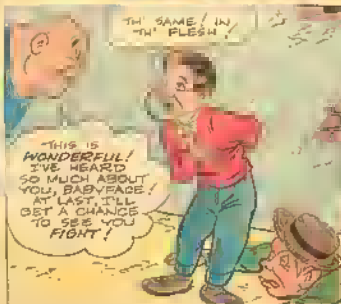
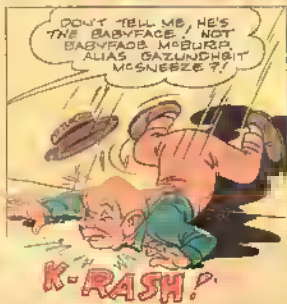
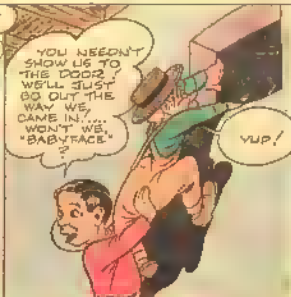


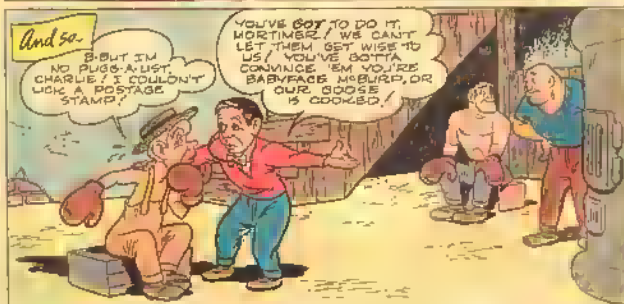
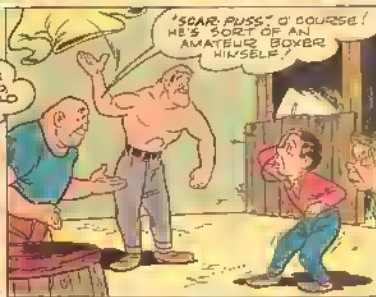
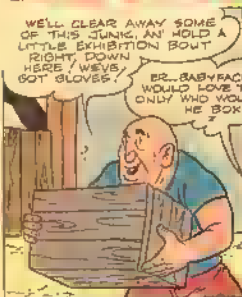
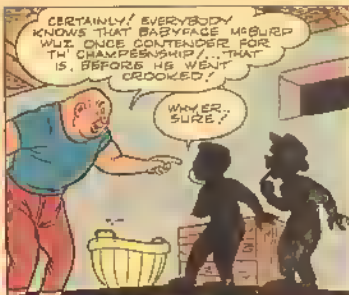
BOIGLARS, EH? NOW AIN'T
THAT A COINCIDENCE?
THAT'S OUR LINE, TOO!
FUNNY I AIN'T SEEN YOU
AROUND BEFORE!
I'M JARFACE!
WHO'RE YOU?



ER...I'M
WOODENFACE!







I GOT A
FEELIN' MY GEESE
IS COOKED
EITHER WAY!
(GULP)

OKAY, YOU GUYS!
MIX IT UP! I CAN HARDLY
WAIT, BABYFACE! I'VE
HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT
YOU BEING A GOOD
SLUGGER!

YUP!
THEY DON'T
COME ANY
SLUGGISHER'N
ME!

OH-H-H.
GAWRSH!

I JUST CAN'T DO IT
CHARLIE! HE'S WEARIN'
A FIST IN EACH
HAND!

OF COURSE
YOU CAN,
MORTIMER! JUST
TELL YOURSELF
YOU CAN, AN'...

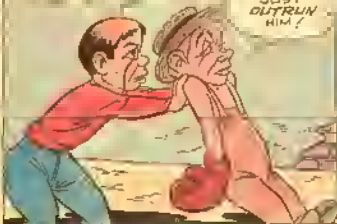
WELL, YOU KNOW!
I NEVER LISTEN TO
A DOPE LIKE ME!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON OVER
THERE? WHY DOESN'T
BABYFACE FIGHT?

ER...I'M JUST GIVING
HIM A FEW LAST
MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS

GO ON, MORTIMER! GET OUT THERE! YOU'VE GOT TO OUTSMART HIM AND OUTTHINK HIM!

MESSE I'D BETTER JUST OUTRUN HIM!



JUST REMEMBER, MORTIMER! IN FIGHTIN', YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP YOUR OPPONENT GUESSING!

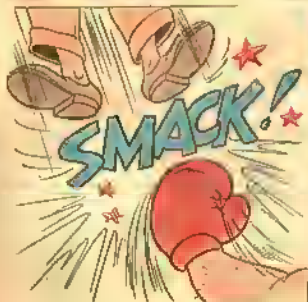
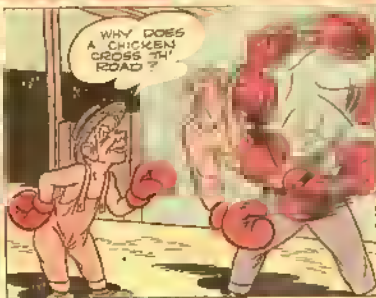
WELL, SAWRSH... WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO!



KEEP HIM GUESSIN', HUH? SHUCKS, I KNOW A PEACHY RIDDLE TO ASK HIM!



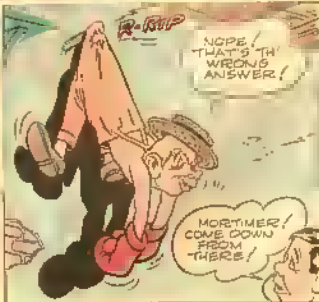
WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS TH' ROAD?

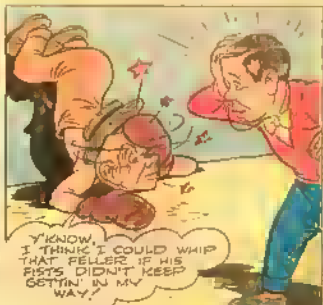
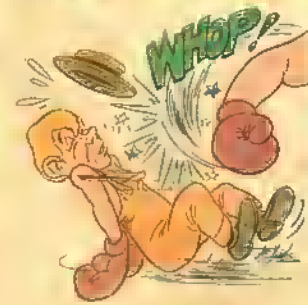
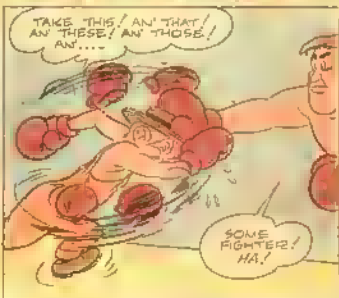
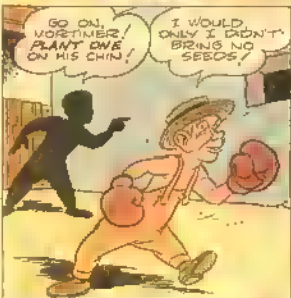
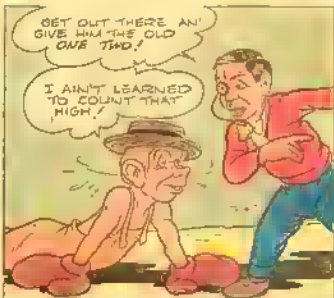
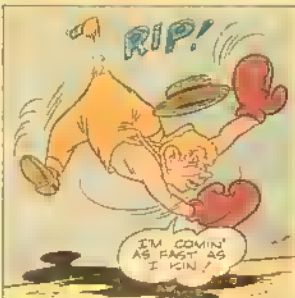


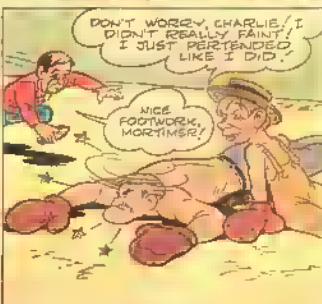
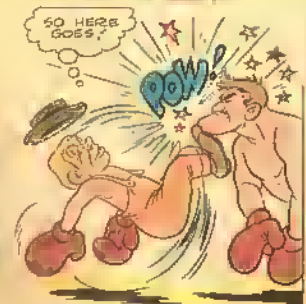
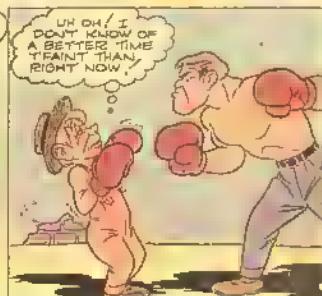
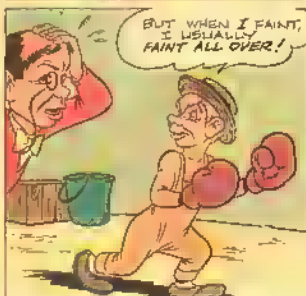
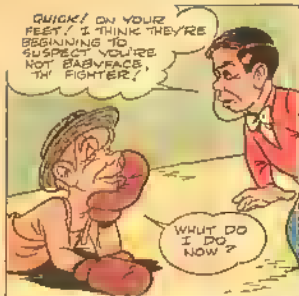
R-RIP

NOPE! THAT'S TH' WRONG ANSWER!

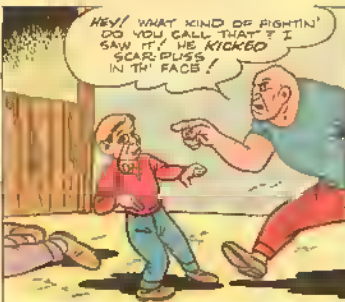
MORTIMER! COME DOWN FROM THERE!







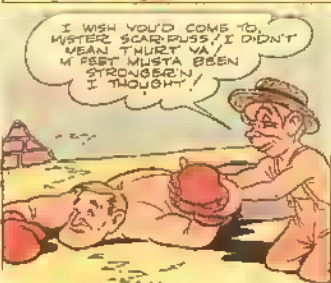
HEY! WHAT KIND OF FIGHTIN'
DO YOU CALL THAT? I
SAW IT! HE KICKED
SCAR-PUSS
IN TH' FACE!



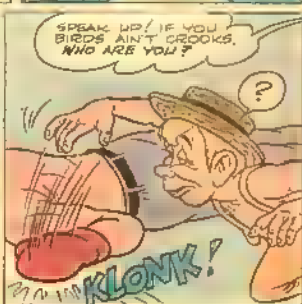
I'M BEGINNIN' T' THINK YOU
BIRDS ARE A COUPLA FAKES!
HE AINT A FIGHTER, AN'
NEITHER ONE OF YOU
ARE REAL CROOKS!



I WISH YOU'D COME TO,
WISTER SCAR-PUSS, I DIDN'T
MEAN THURT VA/
M FEET MUSTA BEEN
STRONGER'N
I THOUGHT!



SPEAK UP! IF YOU
BIRDS AINT CROOKS,
WHO ARE YOU?



SAXXY!
I'LL BET YOU
WUZ ARE
DETECTIVES...
AINTCHA?



O. DETECTIVES?
OH, NO, SIR,
AT LEAST I D-DONT
THINK WE ARE...
MUCH....





SO DISGUSTIN'! BUT
I MIGHTA KNOWN
A CROOK WOULD
FIGHT CROOKED,
TOO!



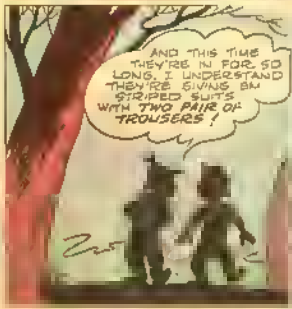
GOOD BOY
MORTIMER!
YOU COULDN'T
HAVE DONE
BETTER IF
YOU TRIED!



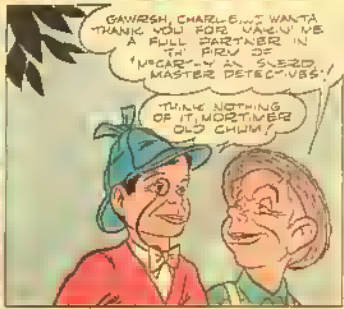
QUICK, MORTIMER! WE'D
BETTER CALL THE COPS
AND TELL 'EM TO PICK
UP THESE LUGGS!

WHICH IS
EXACTLY
WHAT THEY
DID!
And
NEXT DAY
WE FIND
OUR
HEROES
CONGRATULATING
THEMSELVES
!

JARRAGE AN' SCARPUSS
WERE A COUPLE OF
SURPRISED VEGGS,
WHEN THEY WOKE UP
AND FOUND
THEMSELVES BACK
IN JAIL!
HEH!
HEH!

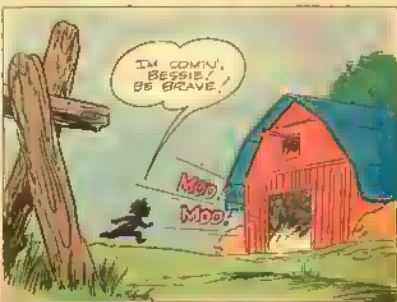
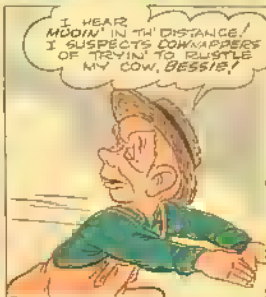
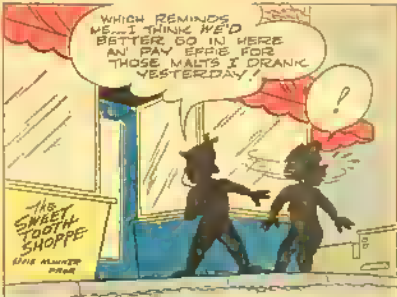


AND THIS TIME
THEY'RE IN FOR SO
LONG, I UNDERSTAND
THEY'RE GIVING 'EM
STRIPED SUITS
WITH TWO PAIR OF
TROUSERS!



GAWRSH, CHARLIE, I WANTA
THANK YOU FOR VAIN' I'VE
A FULL PARTNER IN
TH' PRIV OF
'MURKIN' AN' SLEED
MASTER DETECT'VBS!

THINK NOTHING
OF IT, MORTIMER
OLD CHUM!



DON'T FORGET, MORTIMER! A GOOD DETECTIVE ALWAYS LOOKS FOR FINGERPRINTS!

YIP!

SHUCKS, THERE AREN'T ANY COW RUSTLERS IN HERE!

MOO!

BESSIE WUZ JUST MOOIN' 'CAUSE SHE'S MAD AT ME FER NOT FIVIN' HER DINNER ON TIME!

HOW ABOUT IT, MORTIMER... FIND ANY FINGERPRINTS YET?

NOPE! BUT I SHORE DID GET SOME SNAZZY-LOOKIN' HOOFPRINTS!

AP!

The End

Charlie McCarthy

and
GLADSTONE
the
ALLIGATOR

HERE'S TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!
I WANT YOU BOYS TO BEAT
THIS RUG FOR ME!

YOU'VE GOT THE
RIGHT PARTIES,
GRAMPAW SNEED!
AS RUG BEATERS
WE'RE HARD
TO BEAT!

YUP!

I'M GOIN' IN TO TOWN!
I'LL EXPECT YOU TO
BE ALL THROUGH
WHEN I GIT BACK!

I'LL GIVE
IT MY
PERSONAL
TOUCH,
GRAMPAW!

WE'LL NEVER GET
RICH THIS WAY!
THERE MUST BE
AN EASIER WAY
TO MAKE
MONEY!

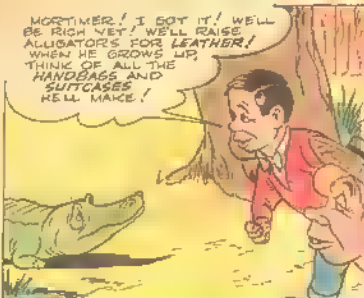
IF ONLY OPPORTUNITY
WOULD COME OUR
WAY...

CHARLIE!
THERE'S
SOMETHIN'
COMIN' YORE
WAY RIGHT
NOW...

...BUT I DON'T THINK
IT'S OPPORTUNITY!

YEEK!
A BABY
ALLIGATOR!

MORTIMER! I GOT IT! WE'LL
BE RICH YET! WE'LL RAISE
ALLIGATORS FOR LEATHER!
WHEN HE GROWS UP,
THINK OF ALL THE
HANDBAGS AND
SUITCASES
HE'LL MAKE!



EVERY
YEAR THEY
GROW A
FOOT, AN...

GAWRSH!
MAYBE IT'S
A CENTIPEDE!



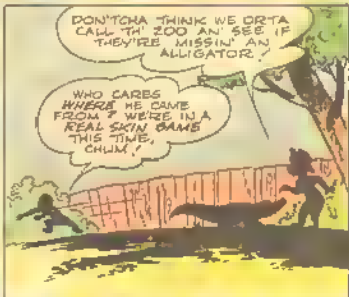
WE'LL CALL
HIM GLADSTONE!

YOU
WATCH HIM
WHILE I GO
GET A
LEASH.



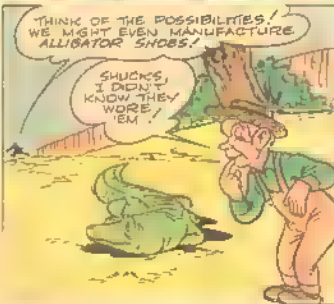
DON'TCHA THINK WE ORTA
CALL TH' ZOO AN' SEE IF
THEY'RE MISSIN' AN
ALLIGATOR?

WHO CARES
WHERE HE CAME
FROM? WE'RE IN A
REAL SKIN GAME
THIS TIME,
CHUM!

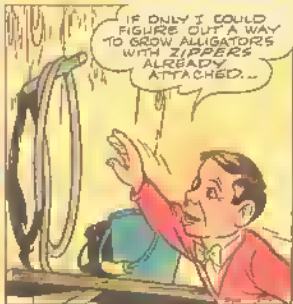



THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES!
WE MIGHT EVEN MANUFACTURE
ALLIGATOR SHOES!

SHUCKS,
I DIDN'T
KNOW THEY
WORE 'EM!

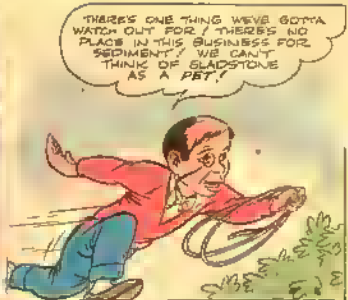


IF ONLY I COULD
FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO GROW ALLIGATORS
WITH ZIPPERS
ALREADY
ATTACHED...






GEE, I'LL BET
GLADSTONE IS
HUNGRY / I MUST
REMEMBER TO BUY
HIM SOME
ALLIGATOR
PEARS!



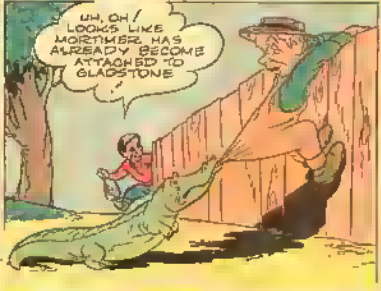
THERE'S ONE THING WE'VE GOTTA
WATCH OUT FOR / THERE'S NO
PLACE IN THIS BUSINESS FOR
SEDIMENT / WE CAN'T
THINK OF GLADSTONE
AS A PET!




WHERE'D THEY
GO? I LEFT
'EM RIGHT
HERE!



HERE
WE ARE,
CHARLIE!



UH, OH!
LOOKS LIKE
MORTIMER HAS
ALREADY BECOME
ATTACHED TO
GLADSTONE



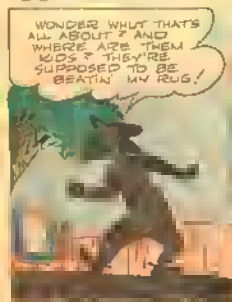
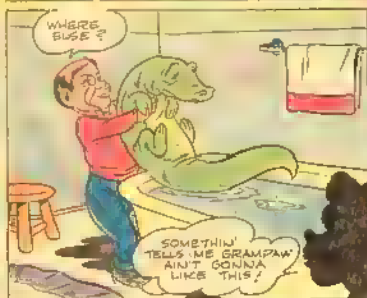
I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ALLIGATORS / THEY'RE
NOT DANGEROUS AS LONG
AS THEY'RE OCCUPIED!

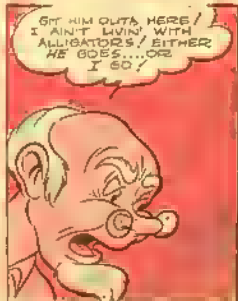
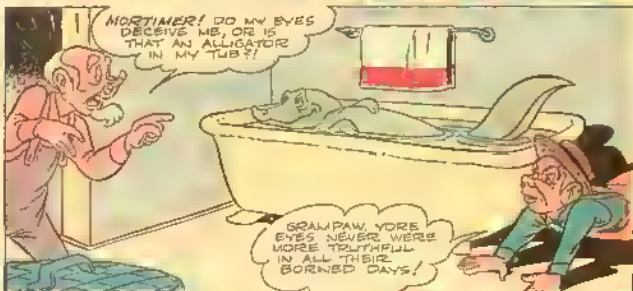


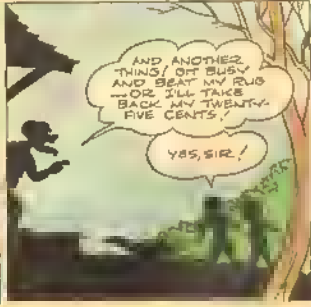
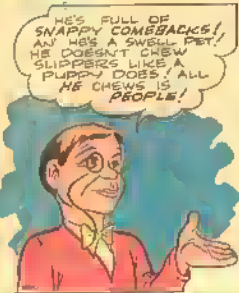
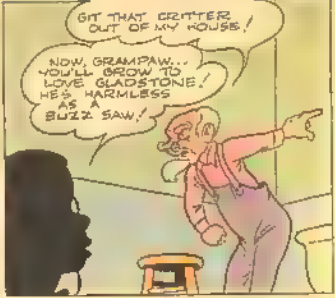
R-RIP!

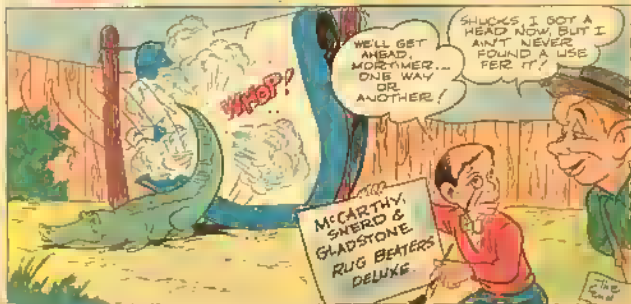


NEBBS SO...
BUT I DON'T
WANNA BE
TH' OCCUPANT!









CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER...



JARFACE JACKSON.

A large, balding, muscular man with a stern expression, wearing a light-colored t-shirt. He is holding a handgun in his right hand, pointing it upwards. His left hand is clenched into a fist. The background shows a dark doorway and a brick wall.

A VILLAIN, WHO GIVES CHARLIE A CLUE WHEN HE SITS ON A WET PARK BENCH.



SCAR-PUSS PETE.

A man with a mustache, wearing boxing gloves and light-colored pants. He is in a boxing stance, with his right arm extended forward. The background is a simple line drawing of a wall and a dark shadow.

PARTNER IN CRIME, WHO LEARNS THAT HORSESHOES IN BOXING GLOVES ARE NOT GOOD LUCK.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY and GLADSTONE the ALLIGATOR

Featuring
GLADSTONE

WHO STROLLS INTO THE LIVES
OF CHARLIE AND MORTIMER
AND WINDS UP AS A
PARTNER IN AN
ENTERPRISING BUSINESS.



GRAMPY SNERD

AN ECCENTRIC
OLD MAN, WHO
DEMANDS PRIVACY
IN HIS BATH.

